

Wish gone horribly wrong

by BlueBastard

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Summary: FIRST and foremost, I must warn you. This story is in NO way serious. Slashhaters WILL hate this story. And Caboose IS a poor dumbass who should never have made that wish. MM

1. Damn star

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****Warning****: male/male. Slash. Will be yaoi as goes further in. Non serious content inside. Oh COME ON, how much more warning do you need?

The canyon was ominously silent. But then again, it WAS 1:30 in the morning, so there were no surprises there. Everyone was still sleeping. Everyone but Caboose, that is.

"Maybe... maybe I should not have taken a nap for the WHOLE day yesterday..." Caboose sighed loudly as he voiced his thoughts to himself.

He had ALREADY tried waking one of his teammates so he wouldn't be so BORED. It wasn't his fault the whitish blue Spartan had rolled off the bed. Or that Church then proceeded to get clonked in the head by his own alarm clock. OR that Church had also shouted in a pitch that could almost be accused girly. Hell, it was girly. But it was Caboose's fault that Church was mad. And that he deserved the bruise on his head and the hasty booting him out of Church's sleeping quarters.

After that incident, Caboose didn't even _attempt _to wake anyone else.

Instead, he headed up to the rooftops where he could see the dark sky. The night was still out, even though it was morning, which didn't help any to sate the confused Caboose.

That's when he saw it. The star.

"A wishing star!" The cobalt armored Spartan exclaimed excitedly. Closing his eyes, he made the first thought that came into his mind a wish, murmuring under his breath, "I wish everybody would like me."

That done, he drifted off to sleep on top of the roof. Relaxed and comforted by his wish. Not knowing exactly what sort of problems he had just wished upon himself.

Caboose woke with a start, jerking up to a sitting position in the predawn light. There, standing a few feet away from him, was one of his blue comrades. HE must've been the reason the sleeping Spartan had awoken.

"Tucker!" Caboose greeted, grinning.

"Caboose." Tucker replied, nodding his head. But his voice had sounded strained.

Tilting his head inquisitively to the side, Caboose asked, "Tucker? Are you going to cry?"

A grin cracked across the aquamarine haired Spartan's face. No one knew how it had started, but everyone just dyed their hair the color of their armor. They also didn't know how in the world it was possible, but the color of their eyes matched with their armor as well. That's when Caboose noticed that Tucker had taken off his helmet.

"No, I'm not gonna cry. Ya big lug." Tucker laughed slightly, sitting next to Caboose.

"Oh," Caboose let out a relieved sigh. He didn't know how to act with a crying soldier, "That's good."

There was a moment of comfortable silence before Tucker commented airily, "You know, Caboose, it's way better to see the sunrise with your helmet off..."

"Really?" The big dope gasped. Immediately a hiss of pressure sounded as he unlatched his own helmet, looking directly at the rising orb in the sky.

At which point his cobalt eyes widened and he yelped before squeezing them shut, "It hurt my eyes, Tucker!"

"You dummy!" Tucker was quick to rush to his side, hands clasped on either side of Caboose's head, "You weren't supposed to stare straight AT it!"

"You didn't tell me that." Caboose whined, pouting.

For some odd reason, Tucker found it really hard to look away from Caboose's pouting lips. As a matter of fact, the teal eyed soldier started to wonder what it would be like to kiss him. It didn't even occur to him that this was the strangest thought he had had today. Of course, the day had just started, but still...

"Are you going to make it better?" Caboose questioned, noticing Tucker's silence.

A grin spread quickly over the aquamarine haired soldier, "Yes Caboose. I'm gonna make it better."

Before he could chicken out of it, Tucker tightened his grip on Caboose's head before he pulled in for a kiss. The moment their lips touched, Caboose gasped, quickly shoving the teal armored soldier away. What had Tucker been thinking?

"That's not where it hurt." Caboose frowned, wondering if his comrade was trying to trick him.

"Oh. My bad." Tucker grinned sheepishly, "Can I try again?"

"Okay." Caboose smiled trustingly, allowing Tucker to get close again.

Now Tucker was not usually an idiot. Not usually. But right now, he couldn't help himself. Something was different with Caboose. Something that made Tucker want to... DO stuff with him...

Caboose's blue eyes were still shut, but they wouldn't be for long. Grinning devilishly, Tucker wrapped his arms around the strong soldier, pressing in for a kiss once more.

This time Caboose's eyes shot wide open. Tucker had missed again! He spluttered, trying to back away from his teal armored teammate. But said teammate, who was currently pressing heatedly against him, kissing him, merely followed Caboose step for step, not wanting to lose contact too soon.

Caboose didn't want to hurt his teammate. But what Tucker was doing to him seemed... wrong. Trying only to use a small bit of his strength, Caboose raised his two pointer fingers and shoved Tucker. Although, maybe he had shoved too much.

Tucker, disappointingly, found himself sprawled on the ground. He looked up at his delectable blue comrade, blinking before continuing to stare. Why was Caboose making him feel this way? He had liked the blue idiot before. But now... NOW it was WAY more than just LIKE...

Caboose looked at him warily, looking like a frightened bunny who would flee at any given moment, "Tuuuckkkerrr..." He said slowly, "Why did you do that?"

Tucker, thinking it better to remain half-sitting as he was since he didn't want to scare Caboose off, replied simply, "'Cause I wanted to."

He cursed the next instant, as Caboose fled anyways. Under his breath, Tucker cursed his dumb mouth once more, before thinking what his mouth had been doing just a few moments before. And what he wanted to do again. And more...

Caboose, on the other hand, was confused. After he had escaped from the rooftops, he found himself panting, though he had not run THAT

fast. Pausing to catch his breath, the cobalt armored soldier then proceeded to walk calmly into the kitchen. Though he found himself backpeddling quickly back out, a growling Church in front of him forcing him to step back.

"Church," Caboose looked pleadingly at the whitish-blue armored soldier, "I am sorry I woke you this morning. I did not mean-"

"What? Didn't mean for me to have this bruise? Or this headache? Or that I couldn't even get back to sleep after you left?" Church growled, continuing to make the cobalt armored Spartan back up.

"I did not LEAVE." Caboose pointed out, "You KICKED me out."

Once again, the blue moron missed the main point. But that didn't matter. Church would make him pay. Caboose flinched as he felt the wall make contact with his back, halting his tracks. He waited silently, fearfully, for the punch that he knew would come. He heard a faintly recognizable sound. A hiss. The sound of pressure releasing as a part of the Spartan's armor detached.

Caboose's eyes flew open as he realized this. Church had taken his helmet off. And now he was... LOOKING at Caboose with a weird expression.

"Church..." Caboose tried again, "I am sorry."

"Caboose..." Church growled, placing an hand on either side of the blue moron, trapping Caboose between himself and the wall, "That's. Not. Good. Enough."

Tex walked calmly down the steps, humming as she held her battle rifle lovingly over her shoulder. She saw Caboose and Church, the latter pinning the former on the wall. No doubt Church was at Caboose's neck again. Honestly, could Caboose help that he was slower than average?

"Hey Caboose. Hey jackass." She chirped, striding past them into the kitchen.

"Hey bitch." Church replied nonchalantly, returning his attention towards the blue moron before him.

_'Tex... does not seem to be acting differently...' _The normally slow brain of the blue registered the thought hours before it should have, _'Maybe... maybe she could... HELP...?'_ _

"TEX..." Caboose said slowly, eyes flickering between Church before him and the retreating back of the green armored mercenary. But that was as far as he got before he found a second mouth over his own. Wait, he should not have a second mouth. That's when he realized it was Church's own mouth that was over his. KISSING him. Just like Tucker had done on the roof.

Panicking, the strong Blue shoved against his revered teammate's chest, eliciting another growl from the whitish-blue Spartan who stumbled back.

Tex raised a brow. Had she seen... what she THOUGHT she had seen? Not

sure she wanted to know, Tex continued farther into the kitchen, intent on getting some coffee before she went out to patrol.

Church frowned. What was he thinking? Had he just... kissed Caboose! And had it felt... extremely good? Moreso than it should ever feel? Yes, yes it had. And suddenly the whitish blue haired Spartan found himself wanting more.

"Chuuuurrchhh..." A very worried looking Caboose said slowly, eyes darting around and checking where his escape routes were. He had found he was very good at running when he wanted to. Running time always, which he scheduled and sometimes did not, always gave him time to practice and get faster.

Before Caboose could make his next move, Church lunged and pinned the cobalt armored Spartan to the wall once more, this time with more force. His hungry mouth feasted on Caboose's surprised ones as if they had been starved for days. Weeks. Months. Well, considering he had broken up with Tex in that amount of time, it sort of made sense. But that he was taking it from his moronic follower was... surprisng to say the least.

_'I'm not gay.' _Church frowned, even as he continued to devour the lips of the innocent Caboose trapped before him, _'I'm just... sexually deprived. Yeah, that's it.' _

Tex raised her brow and quickly downed all of her coffee, pivoting on her heel to hastily depart.

Seeing his one salvation leaving, Caboose's blue eyes widened before he managed to shove Church off again, spluttering even as he dashed after the green mercenary, "Tex! WAIT! I'll patrol WITH you!"

Normally, Tex would have turned him down. Bluntly. But seeing as how the poor guy seemed to be having some trouble with her jackass ex-boyfriend, the green Spartan conceded with a short nod of the head.

Church growled as he saw his prey escaping. And with that bitch of his ex-girlfriend at that. It would be hard to get Caboose while SHE was with him. But he was determined to find a way.

"Hey, uh, where's Caboose?" Tucker asked nonchalantly as he came down from the roof, his head looking this way and that.

"Patrolling with the green bitch." Church said, narrowing his eyes suspiciously at the teal armored Spartan, "Why do you wanna know?"

"Oh, just because... uh, Oh, because he left his helmet." Tucker quickly thought up, raising said cobalt helmet in his hands.

As an awkward silence descended, Tucker shifted uncomfortably. Church was just staring hard at the door, thinking about something.

"Hey. Did you notice anything... well, strange about Caboose this morning?" Tucker asked curiously, hands fidgeting with the forgotten Blue's helmet.

"...No... not really." Church lied. He only wanted to ravage him, after all.

There was an even longer silence.

Church suddenly said, "You know what? I suddenly feel like patrolling."

"Really? So do I." Tucker added quickly.

Before either of them could blink, they were out the door.

-shrugs- If ppl like it, I guess I'll continue.

2. Oh teh noes

Disclaimer: Rooster Teeth owns 'em. I just play.

No more than ten minutes later Tex was grinding her teeth inside her helmet. Why oh WHY did she bring Caboose with her again? Oh yeah, 'cause her horny ex-boybastard had been coming on to him. Which is something Tex still found hard to understand. When SHE had been with him, Church had come across as totally straight. Either that, or he had been in full front denial.

Tex shrugged. Oh well. She didn't know why, but instead of feeling like killing her teammate, she instead only steamed slightly at his annoying chatter. Before last night, she was sure she would've just shot him in the back and left him there.

"-and then, in boot camp, we were all playing this game. I did not QUITE understand it, but I wanted to play too. So they had me take off-"

"You know what, Caboose," Tex interrupted with a fake laugh. A laugh which she abruptly stopped as she turned and lifted him by his chestplate, "I think that's enough talking now."

"Okay, Tex." Caboose complied happily, before he caught himself, "Oh wait, I am sorry Tex. I did not mean to talk just then. I will try harder not to talk."

"Good." She growled, turning around and walking once more.

As the cobalt Spartan caught up, he grinned. He had never spent this much time with Tex without her knocking him unconscious or trying to lose him by screaming and running off. Maybe his wish this morning had come true after all. Maybe everyone DID like him now. This thought only made him grin wider.

Ten seconds later.

"Have I done a good job not talking, Tex?"

"Yes, Caboose. A very good job." Tex replied absentmindedly, scoping the brush around them.

Ten minutes later.

"How about now?"

"YES, Caboose."

Thirty minutes later...

"For the twelve-hundredth TIME CABOOSE," Tex had him by his shoulders, shaking him. If he could see her face, he would comment about how it was purple and how it should not be purple because she wasn't O'Mally. But he couldn't so he didn't. Tex continued, "You WERE doing a good job NOT talking. But NOT ANYMORE."

Caboose drooped at that, pointing out sadly, "But I... only talked to ask you if I was doing a good job not talking."

With an exasperated sigh, Tex turned around, "You did a good job Caboose. You can talk now."

Caboose brightened, "Okay. Now I get to say hello."

"What are you talk-" Tex started to say as she turned around. She froze at what she saw.

"Hello, Red." Caboose waved happily, "What are you doing here?"

"This is at the edge of our territory, Bluetard." Simmons growled, "What are YOU doing here?"

"Oh, we are just patrol-"

"Caboose! Don't talk to the enemy!" Tex berated, bring her sniper rifle to her sights.

Simmons yelped as he barely dodged her shot. From behind a rock, another Red fired, shouting, "Take that, Blues!"

Tex rolled behind a huge boulder, peeking over only to groan in disbelief. Caboose was still standing out there, looking from the Reds to her behind the rock.

"Is it shooting time?" He whispered loudly to her. Tex rolled her eyes.

"YES, Caboose. Now come over here before you get SHOT." She hissed.

"Okay."

Okay. Now normally, Caboose would say he was very good with directions. He was very proud of the way he could find his room in their big base. But somehow... SOMEHOW... he had been able to get lost in the mostly barren part of the place they had been trapped in. He spun around, his voice wary, "TEX...? Tex, where did you

go?"

Said Spartan was currently under fire behind the big boulder, wondering where the FUCK her moronic blue partner had run off to.

Griff stepped up from behind a cluster of vegetation, battle rifle raised, "Where ya running off to?"

"Oh, hello." Caboose turned to meet the Red, a smile to his voice, "I got lost. And I was wondering if you could tell me where to find my teammate so I could join in on the shooting time."

The orange Spartan could only raise his brow, "What the fuck?"

"Maybe you do not recognize me," Caboose said, promptly locking his blue gaze onto Griff's, "I am one of the Blues. My name is Caboose. I was wondering if you could help me-"

The instant those blue eyes focused on him, Griff just about died right there. Gaping, he clutched at his throat and fell to the ground, trying to get his lungs to start working again. Quickly, Caboose rushed to the fallen Red's side, on his knees as he touched Griff's shoulder, "Are you okay? Did you get hurt?"

At the sight of Caboose so close, Griff nearly choked again. Instead, he gasped, "My helmet... take it off..."

Caboose instantly complied, placing the helmet carefully beside its owner. Looking back into those golden eyes, Caboose inquired, "Is that better?"

Griff didn't waste any time. Lunging forward, he toppled the blue behemoth over, plastering a hot kiss right on Caboose's lips. Caboose stiffened, not knowing what had come over the Red. Abruptly ending the kiss, Griff smirked, "I'm starting to feel better..."

"I... am suddenly NOT feeling so well..." Caboose shifted in Griff's arms, "Could you let me-"

Before he could finish, Griff was pressing in for a kiss once more. Some tongue action was called for since Caboose's mouth had been slightly open as Griff invaded his space once more. The Red wanted to touch the Spartan. Griff momentarily wondered if maybe this was wrong. He was a guy, after all. And he WAS a blue. Hell, he didn't care. He just wanted to fuck him.

When Griff went up for air, Caboose was looking at him with a very confused gaze. Before the blue could say anything, Griff's wandering fingers found the release for the upper plate armor. With a faint 'hiss', the blue's armor clanked to the ground, exposing a thin black material stretched over Caboose's well-endowed chest muscles.

"Good God..." Griff gasped in awe as his hands snaked forward to trace over the muscles.

Caboose immediately stepped back, "I do not know what you are doing... but I would like to go back to my teammate now..."

"Hell... I'LL be your teammate..." Griff replied slowly.

Caboose sighed, shaking his head, "THAT would not work. You are a RE-"

Griff closed the space between them once more, his arms yanking the blue against him. Caboose blinked, finding the orange-headed soldier bringing their bodies closer. Warily, he said, "What are you-"

But Griff interrupted the blue yet again, "God... You are so HOT..."

He plunged his mouth on top of the blue's, his hands roaming freely over the blue's tensed shoulder blades and back. Caboose gasped at the strange sensations Griff's hands brought to him. It slightly tickled. Laughing into the kiss, Caboose arched his back in an attempt to escape the hands. This movement only made the orange Spartan gasp as he broke the kiss, feeling all his heat draining to a certain area of his anatomy, "S-shit..." Griff exhaled shakily. He was losing all thought. And fast.

Caboose took this as his chance to pry his body away from the Red's groping hands. Without a glance back, Caboose darted off, "I think I shall find my teammate myself."

Griff cursed as the Blue escaped, leaving him with a straining hard on and a feeling of unfulfillment.

Finally looking back as he ran, Caboose realized the orange Spartan wasn't chasing after him. He couldn't even see anyone behind him. But then again, that didn't mean there wasn't anyone in FRONT of him.

Donut had been heading towards Simmons to give him the backup he had radioed for when he suddenly found a blue blur running into him.

"GAH!" Donut cried out as he knocked hard into Caboose and fell onto his back.

The Blue, likewise, was startled to find himself tangled on top of the Red beneath him.

"You should watch where you are going." He chastised lightly.

"I should! WHAT about you, ya moron!" Donut rebutted, glaring.

That's when he noticed Caboose's mesmerizing blue eyes. Donut gaped. He noticed that the Blue was also missing the top part of his armor. All that covered Caboose's chest was a tightly stretched black material. Something which hugged closely to Caboose's very masculine chest. Donut didn't even notice he was drooling.

"You should not shout when we are so close." Caboose frowned, "THAT does not feel very good."

Donut could only grin. Oh, HE was gonna make the Blue feel something alright...

3. Running time?

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A/N: Oh yeah, and uh... well, he wished that everyone would LIKE him, right? -grins- I guess you could say Tex never had the slightest bit of kindness for the blue genius. So... his wish made her be able to tolerate him. If ppl want her to like him more than that, just say the word.

Realizing it was the pink armored Spartan, Caboose hastily stood, stumbling over his apology, "I-I'm sorry. Normally, I would never run over a lady."

"For the last time-" Donut stopped his rant before he even began. Maybe he could milk this misunderstanding of the blue moron's. Might as well get something good out of the whole mess, after all.

"I think I broke something. Carry me?" Donut asked, arms reaching towards the Blue.

"Of course." Caboose replied without hesitation, stooping to a knee before he came up with the pink Spartan in his arms.

As he felt Caboose's muscled arms and torso hold him close, Donut just about stopped breathing. If only he didn't have his armor on. If only...

"-said where should I put you?" Caboose repeated, catching the distracted Red's attention, "Although, if its the Red base you want to go to, I am sorry to say I cannot take you there. Church does not want me going over there unless he tells me to." Leaning in closer, the Blue added in a stage whisper, "Personally, I think it is because he does not LIKE you Reds."

But the pink armored Spartan had grown rigid at the closeness of his face. As a matter of fact, the Red didn't even look like he was breathing.

Panicking, Caboose dropped the Red, which only caused Donut to splutter and gasp at the sudden impact with the ground. Dropping to his knees, Caboose leaned over the Red, worried cobalt eyes searching Donut's helmeted ones, "Are you okay? Can. You. Hear. Me? Can you breath? Hello? HELLO?"

Yanking his helmet off, Donut's narrowed pink eyes looked up at the Spartan above him, "I can't believe you just DI-" Then he froze.

The Red took a moment to take in the situation. Here he was, lying on the ground on his back. And the Blue, the extremely hot one, was leaning over him precariously. Why, if he was to suddenly lose balance of his right arm, he just might collapse on top of poor Donut.

This thought was immediately followed by Donut's elbow 'accidentaly' bumping onto Caboose's wrist. With a gasp, the Blue helplessly fell on top of the 'unfortunate' Red. His gasp was followed by Donut's own

gasp, though his wasn't inspired by surprise, but rather lust.

Caboose spluttered in embarrassment, "I-I am SO sor-"

His apology was interrupted quite suddenly. With a feeling Caboose felt he was getting all too familiar with. Back at bootcamp, Caboose had run into this problem before. He didn't quite understand why, but a few of the men were always telling him to practice this technique with them. In case he was ever captured by the enemy and they tried to torture him. As the Blue felt Donut's tongue start to invade his mouth, he instantly retaliated.

Caboose retaliated by shoving his own tongue into the Red's mouth.

Donut gasped at the sudden intrusion. He hadn't known Caboose would respond like THAT. The Blue's tongue was currently roaming within his mouth, swiveling around his own tongue. Caboose heard the moan that escaped the Red and grinned, shooting up to his feet as he declared proudly, "I win."

That said, the Blue darted off in search of his teammates.

Crouched behind bushes a couple feet away, Church turned to Tucker with a surprised gaze, "Did you SEE that?"

"How could I not?" Tucker gaped in awe, his eyes darting to the Red currently dumbstruck on the ground before targeting the back of the fleeing Blue.

"I don't know 'bout you, but I'm fuckin' turned on right now." Church commented airily, his gaze wandering a bit before honing in on Tucker's teal eyes.

Tucker blinked, cocking his head a little to the side as he tried to digest exactly what Church was saying. After a few more moments of bluish-white eyes staring into his own teal ones, Tucker just voiced his thinking aloud, "What exactly are you trying to say?"

Church sighed loudly in exasperation. Just how many morons was he expected to put up with? With a growl, he pounced on the surprised teal-armored spartan, his quick hands jabbing at all the pressure locks to the suit as he hissed, "I'm TRYING to say I am horny as hell and YOU just happen to be here."

Taking note of the pieces of armor that were quickly falling off his form, Tucker tried to squirm away from the bundle of raging hormones that was Church, "Uhhh... dude. I am so not cool with this."

"Shut it, dickwad, and hold still so I can fuck you senseless." Church snapped back, taking off his own armor.

Tucker blinked. Never in a million years had he thought he'd be seeing Church hot, naked, and ready. For him.

That's it. This either had to be a dream. Or Church was totally out of his mind.

"This is so not happening. This is NOT happening. SO NOT happening."

Tucker repeated to himself over and over as he slowly backed away. Remembering that he was naked now, and cursing the fact that he never wore the undersuit armor, the teal armored soldier made a mad grab for his armor.

But there was a hunter's glint to Church's eyes now. The sight of Caboose had stirred something unquenchable inside of him. And the only way he could react was in the same way he had responded in situations throughout his life. He had to look out for number one. In short, he had had to get what he wanted. And right now, he wanted to fuck something. Tucker just happened to graciously volunteer by his mere presence.

Finally noting his teammate's attempt at an early and hasty departure, Church lunged forward and tackled the Spartan.

"Not so fast, Tucker." Church growled, trapping the teal armored Spartan to his chest.

Tucker shivered at the sensation of his bare back pressed against Church's, likewise, bare chest. Aiming a glare over his shoulder, Tucker argued aloud, "We're supposed to be partrolling, remember? Pa-tro-l-GAAHH!"

Tucker arched back as Church's thumb flicked his exposed nipples. Grinning devilishly, the whitish-blue Spartan leaned forward to state calmly in throaty tones, "That's not what you really want to be doing, now is it?"

Blinking, Tucker tried to slow his rapidly beating heart. Swallowing deeply, the teal-haired Spartan replied slowly, "N...no. I mean- YES. Yes it is!"

But it was too late. Church wouldn't take any call backs. Nuzzling the side of Tucker's throat, Church let one of his hands explore Tucker's chest while the other headed down south.

"Holy... fuckin'... christ." A shocked beyond belief Griff stated as he walked in on the scene.

He had to admit, for enemies, they looked pretty hot when they were naked and touching each other. Then again, that might just be because he had been seriously turned on a few moments ago by the Blue's dumbest teammate.

"Gah! Holy-mother-of-god!" Tucker babbled, jumping at the intrusion of a Red.

A Red currently holding a weapon. A Red who had walked into both Church and Tucker. Both naked. And unarmed.

Church could care less.

But Tucker shoved his leader away so hard Church could only growl in frustration. Oh well. It hadn't been the same, anyway. He'd rather have been touching his other moronic blue teammate anyways.

Irritated now, Church snapped at Griff, "Whaddaya want, ya damn Red."

As Church and Tucker dressed, Griff replied conversationally, "Oh. Well, I was just wondering where that half naked teamma-"

"Half-NAKED!" Both Church and Tucker whirled to face Griff, eyes wide.

"Technically... Not really." Griff answered, much to the disappointment of the two Blues, "But he does have his helmet and his torso armor off."

Tucker was practically salivating. And Church was not far off.

"Good enough for me." Church growled, jerking his armor back on before stalking off.

"H-Hey, where are you going!" Tucker asked. Though Church had sort of jumped him a few moments ago, Tucker didn't feel like staying alone with one of the enemy.

Shifting his battle rifled in his arms, Griff took off after them, exclaiming, "So do you know where he is or not?"

;-;

At the sight of his female teammate, Caboose grinned widely, "Tex! THERE you are!"

"WHERE have you been?" Tex demanded, her foot planted on a stunned and groaning Simmons.

Caboose's expression turned as serious as it could get as he explained slowly, "Why, I was looking for you Tex, of course."

Sighing in defeat, Tex paused as she looked her blue armored teammate over, "Caboose... What happened to your chest plate armor?"

She had never thought Caboose would look so... well, so good-looking under all that armor. Frankly, she had been picturing a buck-toothed, red-necked, football player-type doofus. But no. This was just an extremely hot, blue haired, blue eyed, well-built doofus.

Scrunching up his face, Caboose said slowly, his gaze turned upwards in thought, "I... VAGUELY remember... one of the Reds took it off. I think. Though right now I am not really sure."

"Uh...huh." Tex replied slowly, "Whatever. Just... try not to lose all of your armor. That ex-boybastard of mine was supposed to order a replacement shipment a couple months ago. Which, knowing Church, means that we won't be getting it for a good three years at least. And that doesn't even include the shipping."

Caboose had lost interest after the first few words, so when he caught Tex glaring at him, he asked innocently, "What did you say?"

"I SAID: try not to lose all of your armor." Tex repeated, knowing she had to shorten things up for her teammate, swearing that he must

have A.D.D. or something.

"Oh, but I do not LOSE them." Caboose corrected with a smile, "Everyone just keeps taking them FROM me." He paused to count off on his fingers, "First... Tucker took my helmet. THEN... the pee-colored one took my chestplate armor-"

"HEY. I am NOT pee-colored." Griff growled in indignation. Then, spotting Simmons pinned to the ground by Tex, he added, "I may not like that kiss-ass, but he's still Red. And I say you should take that Blue foot off him right now."

"In case you haven't noticed, dumbass, this foot is green. I'm not a Blue, I'm a mercenary, got that?" Tex growled back, adding, "And secondly, what are you gonna do about it?"

Griff just shrugged, "Eh, I dunno. It just had to be said."

"Look, its Church and Tucker!" Caboose exclaimed, "Hello Church and Tucker!"

Where, normally, Church would have told Caboose to just shut up, the whitish-blue Spartan surprised him by replying with a, "Hey, Caboose."

"Hello Caboose." Tucker chirped back.

Since Caboose considered Church his best friend, and was pleased whenever Church was pleased, he found himself smiling. Had he just made Church happy?

Frowning, Tex took in the situation. Caboose kept losing his armor. She had caught Church kissing Caboose this morning. And now...

Now it looked like the three conscious Spartans there were eyeing Caboose like they had been on a strict vegetarian diet for weeks and he was a slab of steak. For a normally, thickheaded person, it was surprising when she noted that even he seemed to notice the slight tension in the air.

"Have I missed running time?" The Blue asked Tex, his glance nervously darting between the four of them, at Simmons on the ground, then back at her.

Narrowing her eyes, Tex replied, "Uh... I actually think it may be just beginning, Caboose."

4. A game

Disclaimer: Do not sue. I do not own. And I'm late with updating because... uh... I'm lazy?

A/N: Yupp, poor Caboose.

"Running time has just started?" Caboose inquired excitedly.

Yet as he took in the postures and expressions of Griff, Church, and

Tucker, Caboose felt his normally thick-headedness clearing enough to tell him that something was definately NOT right.

Turning to Tex, from whom he seemed to be getting a better vibe from, the blue Spartan said slowly, "Uh... WHO are we... running from EXACTLY."

More perceptive and... okay, well, basically not dumb, Tex knew something had happened to everyone in Blood Gulch since the day started. Even SHE had felt something different whenever she looked at her dumb, blue teammate. But whatever it was that changed inside her, it had occured ten times worse in the rest of the Spartans she had seen so far.

Spotting Griff taking a step forward, Tex raised her sniper as she barked, "Hold it there, buddy."

Freezing at gunpoint, the golden Spartan raised his hands, "Woah, I wasn't gonna do anything."

"Uh-huh" Tex replied, her tone one of utter disbelief.

"Good thinking, Tex." Church commended as he started to walk forward, "You hold him off while-"

"Woah, nuh-uh you ass. Where do you think your going?" Tex demanded, drawing the gun towards the bluish-white team leader.

Freezing, Church directed his pointed gaze towards his ex, his voice deep with concern as he inquired, "Tex... what are you doing?"

"She's gone crazy!" Tucker yelled, totally flipping out as he dived behind a boulder.

"Ooh! Is this a new game?" Caboose asked with awe and excitement.

"Yes, Caboose." Tex replied without taking her eyes off the three other Spartans, excluding the Red she had pinned under her foot, "This is a new game. It's called Keep Away."

She glanced in his direction to see if he was paying attention. But if he had been a dog, he would've been full out wagging his tail, all his attention on her. She should've known he would pay attention if he thought it was something fun.

"Keep Away?" Caboose echoed, grinning from ear to ear as he asked, "How do you play?"

"It's simple. You stay away from everyone and don't let them catch you."

"Simple. Stay away from everyone. No catching. Okaaaay..." Caboose repeated, nodding his head slowly.

"The game is over when I say so and I tell you if you win or not. Starting NOW. RUN!"

"Okay!" Caboose exclaimed as he darted off, repeating to himself,

"Stay away from everyone. No catching. Game over when Tex says and I win when she says!"

The last thing the four conscious and one unconscious Spartan heard from the Caboose was his voice stating, "This is gonna be fun!"

"I can't believe you just DID that." A disheartened and irritated Church said grumpily.

Tex shrugged, about to open her mouth to say something else when she realized there was no one to talk to. Well, besides the unconscious Red underneath her boot. But besides Simmons, the others had already left. Shrugging once more, Tex slung her rifle over her shoulder and headed back to the base, wondering how long Caboose would last.

She actually had developed this increasing liking toward the blue moron, and it just kept getting stronger as the day progressed.

Not that it could mean anything, or anything like that.

-o-o-o-o-

Caboose had no idea where he was headed, but he figured he had been running for quite some time when he heard some maniacal laughter from up ahead. Curious, but not forgetting about the Keep Away game, the Blue shimmied up the nearest tree and waited.

As a purple figure strolled into view, Caboose couldn't help laughing silently, barely smothering the chuckle with his fist.

Doc stopped slowly, squinting his eyes and blinking a few times to get if he was seeing right.

"Lopez! Am I hallucinating or... is there really a half-naked Blue hiding up in that tree."

(A/N: I'm warning you ahead of time that any grammatical error on the spanish-speaking end is entirely my fault and I have no trouble admitting that my linguistic skills are rusty.)

"No comprendo." The monotone spanish audio dribbled from the talking head.

"I don't know if you get this yet, but I don't have a damn clue what you're saying." Doc added.

"..." The spanish-speaking cyborg just stared at the evil doctor a few more moments before stating blunting, "Estas muy estúpido."

"Whatever," Doc tuned the cyborg out as he turned his attention back to the Blue 'HIDING' in the tree, "Hey. HEY! You up there."

Snickering, Caboose replied, "I do not know what you are talking about... there is no one up here."

"What are you talki- I can SEE you plain as day up in that tree!" Doc stated, his tone impatient as he tapped his foot in

irritation.

"No." Caboose said slowly, his tone convinced as he said, "Noooo, I do not think you can. The leaves and branches are hiding me."

"That's just it, you MORON. There ARE no leaves on that tree to HIDE you with!" Doc exclaimed. In an instant he reverted back to his nicer personality and apologized, "I am SO sorry. I don't know what's come over me. I don't think you're a moron."

Then the evil one was back again, "OF COURSE I do. Shut up!"

Caboose scratched his head in confusion before replying with a stretched out, "Oookaaaayyyyyy."

Deciding for himself that the evil scientist must really see him, Caboose jumped down from the tree, pausing a few feet from the Doc himself. As if they had just seen each other, Caboose greeted with a chirpy, "Hello!"

"Oh my GOD!" Doc groaned before smacking himself in the visor at the Blue's sheer stupidity.

"... Esta muy estúpido, tambien..." Lopez commented from his position on the ground.

Before Doc could loose himself in a rant, he glanced up only to finally notice that along with the Blue's missing armor, Caboose didn't have his helmet.

Huh, I almost forgot about Doc. Well, this is as much as I can squeeze out for this storyline today. Ciao.

End
file.